

NAPOLEON AND HIS MARSHALS

By J. T. HEADLEY.

Profusely Illustrated by Reproductions of the Best French Pictures.

[This serial began with whole No. 849. Subscriptions may begin with this issue, or back numbers be obtained by application to THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE.]

CHAPTER III.

MARSHAL GROUCHY.

HIS BRAVERY AND CAPTURE AT NOVI. HIS DESPERATE CHARGE AT RAAB. AT WAGRAM—AT BORDINO—COMMANDS THE SACRED SQUADRON. GALLANT CHARGE AT VAUX CHAMP. HIS CONDUCT AT WATERLOO.

Grouchy's had management at the battle of Waterloo ruined his fame, and placed him in an unenviable position before the world. In the intense excitement of the final overthrow of Napoleon created, Grouchy's name became the theme of universal obloquy, and he was accused of weakness, want of energy, and, finally, of having sold France to the allies.

It is true, English historians, with that liberality they always show towards those enemies who, through treachery or weakness, injured the cause of Napoleon, have endeavored to defend him, not only against the charge of treason, but also of inefficiency. Indeed, to throw much blame on him would be to confess that the victory of Waterloo was owing more to accident than to skill.

Still, Emmanuel Grouchy was a brave man, and through a long and honorable career sustained the reputation of an able commander. A Count of the ancient regime, he was born at Paris in 1766, and entered the service when only 14 years of age.

At 19 he was an officer in the King's body-guard, but threw up his commission at the breaking out of the Revolution, and joined the cause of the people, and was made Colonel of a regiment of dragoons. Soon after, however, the Republic was proclaimed, and he was ordered to leave the army, but he refused to do so, and he was left without employment. He retired into the country, but he was becoming weary of his inactive life, and he entered the National Guards as a private, and fought against the Vendéens. He seemed to have joined the cause of freedom sincerely, and said:

"Though I am not allowed to fight at the head of the Republican phalanxes, they cannot prevent me from shedding my blood in the cause of the people."

In 1792, however, he was reinstated in his former rank of commander of a regiment of dragoons, and the next year was placed at the head of all the cavalry in Savoy and the Alps. In the campaign of 1794, against the Vendéens, he distinguished himself, especially at Quiberon, where he attacked and defeated the emigrants; and the next year he was made General of Division.

aiding the Irish.

In 1796 he was joined to the expedition under Hoche, to aid the Irish in their attempts to recover their liberty. The fleet was dispersed by a storm, and only a portion of it reached Bantry Bay; yet still Grouchy, with only 6,000 men under his command, was willing to land, but was overruled by Admiral Bouchard, and the expedition abandoned.

In 1798 he was sent into Piedmont as Commander-in-Chief of the forces there, and took possession of the country, and the next year fought gallantly at the disastrous battle of Novi.

A short time previous to this engagement, Joubert was appointed to supersede Moreau in the command of the dispirited Army of Italy, which had met with nothing but defeat since Bonaparte's departure for Egypt. Just married, he left his young wife, saying:

"You will see me again either dead or victorious."

With his utmost efforts he could muster but 40,000 men to resist Suvarrow, marching against him with 60,000 victorious troops.

Forced to accept battle at Novi, he struggled nobly against this overwhelming force and strained every nerve to save his army and secure a victory.

The French were formed in a semi-circle on the slopes of Monte Rotondo, which commands the whole plain of Novi. Grouchy commanded a division on the left, and was the first engaged. Joubert fell at the commencement of the fight, and as the charging battalions rushed over him as he lay dying, and hesitated whether to advance, he shouted faintly forth:

"Forward, my lads! forward!"

Exhausting himself from the dying mass, and which he lay, he again put himself at the head of his followers, and rushed to the charge. In retreating, in obedience to the orders of Moreau, he was opposed to a succession of heavy onsets, against which his men could with difficulty bear up; and to complete his overthrow, a Russian battalion crept around into a ravine, and poured

the battle, until at length Moreau, who had succeeded in the command, ordered a retreat.

GROUCHY'S COURAGE.

Grouchy had fought with the most obstinate courage during the day, and, though wounded, still led his columns again and again to the charge. Foremost in the fight, he moved undauntedly through the hottest of the fire, cheering on his men by his enthusiastic appeals, and still more by his heroic example.

Once, his troops, reeling back from the shock, he threw himself at their head, and seizing a standard, cried, "Forward!" and drove headlong on the foe. The standard being wrenched from his hand in the close and fierce struggle, he took off his helmet, and, lifting it on his sabre over his head, continued to advance, when he was wounded, and overthrown, and trampled under foot.

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attempted, with Perignon, to stem the tide; and, rallying a few followers, again charged on the overwhelming numbers that were sweeping over the broken ranks.

Again overthrown, and almost cut to pieces, he was made prisoner, having received six saber wounds. Nothing but the most desperate hand to hand fighting could have caused him to receive so many sword cuts, and he this day proved himself worthy to command the troops that had fought under Napoleon.

His wounds could have proved mortal but for the kindness of the Grand Duke Constantine, who sent him his private physician, and made his own domestics attend upon him. After four months of suffering, he recovered his health, and in the exchanges that followed the battle of Marengo was restored to the army, and joined Moreau, then combating on the banks of the Rhine.

BATTLE OF HOHENLINDEN.

He was present at the battle of Hohenlinden, and was one of the chief actors in that great tragedy. Struggling side by side with Ney, his actions were not eclipsed by those even of "the bravest of the brave."

The Isar and the Inn, as they flow from the Alps towards the Danube, move nearly in parallel lines, and nearly four miles apart. As they approach the river, the space between them becomes one dense plain, covered chiefly with a somber, dark pine forest—crossed by two roads only—while the more country paths that wind through it here and there give no space to marching columns.

Moreau had advanced across this forest to the Inn, where, on the 1st of December, he was attacked and forced to retreat his steps, and take up his position on the farther side, at the village of Hohenlinden. Here, where one of the great roads descended from the woods, he placed Ney and Grouchy.

The Austrians, in four massive columns, plunged into this gloomy wilderness, despatching to meet in the open plain of Hohenlinden—the central column marching along the highroad, while those on either side made their way through amid the trees as they best could.

It was a stormy December morning when these 70,000 men were swallowed from sight in the dark depths of Hohenlinden. The day before it had rained heavily, and the roads were almost impassable; but now a furious snowstorm darkened the heavens, and covered the ground with one white unbroken surface.

The by paths were blotted out, and the sighing pines overhead dropped with their snowy burdens above the ranks, or shook them down on the heads of the soldiers, as the artillery wheels shone against their tunks.

A WEIRD SCENE.

It was a strange spectacle, those long, dark columns, out of sight of each other, stretching through the dreary forest by themselves, while the falling snow sifted over the ranks, made the unmarked way still more solitary. The soft and yielding mass broke the tread of the advancing hosts, while the rumbling of the artillery, and ammunition and baggage wagons, gave forth a muffled sound, that seemed brooding of some neutral catastrophe.

The center column alone had a hundred cannon in its train, while behind these were 300 wagons, the whole closed up by the slowly moving cavalry.

Thus marching, it came about 9 o'clock, upon Hohenlinden, and attempted to débouch upon the plain, when Grouchy fell upon it with such fire, that it was forced back into the woods. In a moment the old forest was alive with echoes, and its gloomy recesses illumined with the flashes of artillery. Grouchy, Grandjean, and Ney put forth incredible efforts to keep this immense force from deploying into the open field. The center column struggled with an energy of desperation to hold their ground, and although the soldiers could not see the enemy's lines, the storm was so thick, yet they took aim at the flashes that issued from the wood, and thus the two armies fought.

The pine trees were cut in two like reeds by the wind and fell with a crash on the Austrian columns, while the fallen snow turned red with the flowing blood.

In the meantime, Ricqmonse, who had been sent by a circuitous route with a single division to attack the enemy's rear, had accomplished his mission. Though his division had been cut in two, and

irretrievably separated by the Austrian left wing, the brave General continued to advance, and with only 3,000 men fell boldly on 40,000 Austrians.

CHARGING THE AUSTRIAN CENTER.

As soon as Moreau heard the sound of his cannon through the forest, and saw the alarm it spread amid the enemy's ranks, he ordered Ney and Grouchy to charge full on the Austrian center.

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PROSPECTUS

of The

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